

Jasper Weekly Courier

VOL. 44

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1902.

NO. 22

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT JASPER, DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY CLEMENT DOANE.

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WOMEN IN THE REFORM.

How Can They Assist in Prohibition Work?

(Continued from last week.)

Do not be afraid, sisters, to apply the larger portion of our Lord's tenth to this worthy cause, as so many of God's professed followers refuse it financial aid.

Do any of us possess the gift of song? Let us use it for the glory of God and the redemption from the rum curse of those into whose lives few notes of joy ever come. Since "the morning stars sang together" song has been the Father's loving message to the grief-stricken, and a potent weapon in the conflict against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Oratory: If any one of our number possesses this particular talent, she is indeed divinely endowed and is as responsible in God's sight for the proper exercise of her powers as is her brother who is similarly gifted.

Some parsons, even in this refined age, talk pompously of "woman's sphere," and speak sneeringly of "woman striding the lecture platform." No matter, when God bestows His various gifts, He knows just what He is doing, and His word for it, we should obey God rather than men. It has been said, and there may yet be those who will tell you, that it is "woman's mission to stay at home and keep the kettle boiling." Tell them of the great army of the common sisterhood who have no homes, and through the drink curse no possessions, save a multitude of pitiful starvelings, whose only birthright is a depraved appetite, whose only legacy is a life of sin and sorrow unbounded—whose pale, famine-pinched faces are a continual, mute appeal to God's people for deliverance—silent witnesses in His sight against those who perpetuate their misery.

Again, should any of us possess the "pen of a ready writer," let it be consecrated to the work of "complete annihilation" of the rum traffic. In this way, though the gift of eloquent speech be denied us, we may "cry aloud, spare not, and tell the people of their transgressions," which, although it is God's command to His watchmen on the walls of Zion, is one by far too often unheeded.

Concerted action is one of our crying needs. Organized effort would increase our influence for good many fold, and action looking to this end should be taken at the earliest day possible. Let all true, God-fearing women of the 10th, stand as a unit, their motto, "No quarter to the liquor traffic, no shadow of compromise with this great sin."

Let no dissensions divide us, no petty jealousies arise to mar our usefulness, in our labor of love. How often are our efforts wasted and the Master's work delayed through our forgetfulness of the fact that it is God's glory we should seek, not our own, and that those for whom Christ died are perishing while we sit idle and brood over some fancied slight. Paul tells us of a better way, in this wise: "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves."

"Not I, but Christ, in lowly, loving labor; Not I, but Christ, in humble, earnest toil; Christ, only Christ, no show, no ostentation; Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the apostles."

If we cannot do great things let us do the small ones, they too have their uses. If we cannot give large sums, let us remember that the widow's mite, with the Master's blessing, "was more than they all" had given. A three-penny tract has been known to convert a soul.

(Continued next week.)

Gen. Sheridan was asked if he could save his little son from the most to be feared of all the temptations which will beset him, what would it be, replied: "It would be the curse of strong drink. I would rather see my little son die than see him carried in to his mother drunk."

Prefer the minority in the right to the majority in the wrong.

LES TRIPLEX.

By R. L. STEVENSON.

The changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dulle trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders, underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think of it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the sake of ordinary mankind. This world itself traveling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds traveling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body, with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit it we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a sputtering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafraid, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more dangerous feat for Curtis to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gayety mankind picks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the defunct Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Balaic bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Praetorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a checkered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Praetorian throws us over in the end! (Continued next week.)

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, '02.

The democrats of the House of Representatives held their long deferred caucus on Friday evening, and, under the skillful guidance of Mr. Richardson and other democratic leaders, determined upon a policy which it is believed will prove most effective, not alone in furthering the interests of the party, but also in stemming the tide of plutocratic legislation which it is expected the republican majority will attempt to impose upon the country. Some of the members did not consider it within the province of the caucus to reverse any of the decisions of the last national convention, but apart from their contention it was determined that there was no necessity at this time for so doing. It was further decided that it would be wiser for the members of the party to devote their whole attention to checkmating raids of the opposition on the Treasury, and endeavoring to protect the whole people from legislation inspired by the great vested interests, whose liberal campaign contributions reared for them such extensive influence in the councils of the opposition.

The Ways and Means committee is still giving hearings to the representatives of the beet sugar and tobacco industries in this country and in Cuba. The beet sugar lobby is growing desperate, and is contemplating a coalition of forces with the democrats in an effort to reduce the protection on refined sugar. The beet sugar men are, of course, inspired by animosity to the Sugar trust, but they frankly admit that they would be in a better position to develop their industry if the trust were destroyed, even if reciprocal privileges were granted to Cuba. The democrats are naturally and consistently opposed to a duty which puts immense profits into the hands of the trust at the expense of the vast body of consumers. Representative McCall, republican member from Massachusetts, tells me that he will vote for reciprocity, as he does not consider that a moderate concession would injure American interests, and he believes the United States owes it to Cuba to at least start her on the road to prosperity.

Apocryph of the beet sugar question there is a story going the rounds in inner circles of a very strong cabinet meeting at which the president is alleged to have told his Secretary of Agriculture that he was "sick and tired" of having his expressions on the subject "thrown in his face." Mr. Wilson, I am told, expressed regret at having given utterance to his views, and assured Mr. Roosevelt that nothing more would be heard from him on the subject. He has persistently refused to appear before the Ways and Means committee, although it is well known that he is adverse to any reciprocal treaty which will lower the duty on beet sugar. Of course, the above incident has given rise to renewed gossip in regard to cabinet changes, but no change in the Agricultural portfolio is contemplated at this time.

The question of Chinese exclusion is still being considered by the Senate committee on Immigration, and ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster and General O. O. Howard have both testified in opposition to the re-enactment of the law, while Commissioner of Immigration Powderly has appeared in its support. Speaking on the subject yesterday, Senator Dubois, of Idaho, told me that he was unalterably opposed to the admission of the Chinese. "They can never be assimilated," he said, "for the simple reason that they do not want to be. The most favorable laws would never induce the Chinese in any considerable numbers to become American citizens. Their one aim is to save a little money and return home. All that they make they send home as fast as they can spare it. Entirely aside from the labor aspect we are opposed to having among us a race of men who are unwilling to become citizens, and who shirk the responsibilities of jury duty and of suffrage. Such men can never have the best interests of this country at heart, and that, alone, I believe to be sufficient to warrant the position we take against their admission to the country."

Senator Mason attempted on Friday to commit the Senate on the Schley matter, at least to the extent

of thanking the admiral "for his brave and able conduct while in command of the American fleet at the victorious battle of Santiago," and presenting him with a sword, but the opposition was on the alert and, despite Senator Mason's protests, Senator Hale insisted upon the reference of the resolution to the committee on Naval Affairs, where there is every reason to believe it will be buried.

Rep. Henry, of Conn., who, next to chairman Wadsworth, is the ranking member of the House Agricultural committee, told me yesterday that the committee had perfected a bill restricting the sale of oleomargarine, which he would ask the House to refer to the committee and which it would report in place of the Groat bill. The new bill contains some important features not included in the measures which have been referred to the committee, notably a clause which defines any person who colors oleomargarine and then sells it, as a manufacturer, and subject to the same restrictions. Mr. Henry told me that it was common practice in Denmark for the retailer to furnish coloring matter to customers purchasing oleomargarine so that the addition of the color made it perfectly feasible for the hotel proprietor, boarding-house landlord, etc., to place upon the table a product which his customers could not detect from genuine butter—and which would really be greatly better as well as more healthful than much of Dubois county butter, made from rancid cream or milk and scalded white, and then colored.

C. A. S.

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JUDGE ZENOR HEARD IN CONGRESS.

In Favor of Philippine Independence.

Louis Ludlow, Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis Sentinel, telegraphs under date of Jan. 22, as follows:

Congressman Zenor made a speech in the house to day on the Philippine question that was a masterpiece of logic and one of the most forcible presentations of the humanitarian side of the Philippine problem yet heard in congress. He challenged the position taken by the republicans as an outrage against the genius of free American institutions. His speech was limited to twenty minutes, but he covered the subject admirably and was frequently interrupted with applause.

Speaking of the clause of the urgency deficiency bill appropriating \$500,000 to establish a military post in the Philippines, Mr. Zenor said that the needs of the United States in this line should first be attended to before the government established military posts in the far away islands. The general policy in dealing with the Philippines was not in accord with the spirit of the government of the United States. The plea that the Filipinos are not civilized and must be dealt with as a subject people, is that same old excuse used by Great Britain to justify her course in dealing with the American colonists, and has always been a common excuse resorted to by tyrannical rulers. He asked what there had been in the conduct of the Filipinos to justify the United States in denying them the same rights for which the patriots of 1776 fought. He declared that there are no people under the sun that would not feel aggrieved and oppressed if they had assisted the United States in conquering Spain, believing that an American victory meant their own independence, and "had then seen their own rights and liberties trampled upon." "The Filipinos had a right to believe," said Judge Zenor, "in the absence of any specific agreement, that we would accord to them their freedom."

He said that the right course to pursue would have been to administer their government only until they had established a government of their own. Concluding, he said: "The spirit of liberty burns in the hearts of all men, even in the heart of a Filipino." This remark echoed the sentiment of the democratic side and was liberally applauded.

Count that day lost whose low day to commit the Senate on the Schley matter, at least to the extent